

The Musical World.

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SATURDAY, AUGUST 28, 1875.

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SINGERS AND SINNERS.

The Very Reverend the Dean of Worcester is a mighty dignitary, and has prevailed over an ancient custom and the social forces which backed it, both of town and county; his cathedral, this year, will not be desecrated by the voices of ungodly singing men and women. Admiration for this divine instinct of knowing the good from the bad, and wonder at the godlike power exercised by him, in this world of doubts, of separating the sheep from the goats, divert the mind from inquiring whence cometh this infallibility. Little reck it whether his reverence inherits it by virtue of apostolical succession, or has secured it, with his twelve hundred a-year deanery, by the grace of the Right Honourable B. Disraeli; in any case the conviction must be general that Mr Dean is right. Singers are ungodly; at any rate from his standpoint.

Singing has never been advanced by terrestrial artists as a saintly profession. True it is poets have dubbed music the *divine art*; but what vice or folly have not those delightful sycophants decorated or sublimated? When Scripture foils the grim tempter of mankind, the poets may supply him with apt and plausible quotations. Singers have the rare modesty of claiming only worldly merits and rewards. They pretend to form no holy order or religious sect; in fact theological science is utter foolishness to them. They stand in no need of reading the Bible in Hebrew, or the Testament in Greek; nor do they see any absolute necessity of mastering the rudiments of their native tongue. For the practice of their craft they have not to subscribe to any Thirty-Nine Articles, nor to wrestle with the mysteries of the Church Catechism. Although fulsome critics try to establish a relationship between them and the celestial choir, yet they know full well such a claim will not hold good in any court of law, human or divine, and feel perfectly aware that they have nothing more in common with angels than the rest of mankind, excepting the collateral occupation of crying "Hallelujahs."

Between the singers and the public there is a perfect, though tacit, understanding. They acknowledge no other authority than the latter. Kings and princes, nobles and rulers, prelates and clergy, managers and critics, they heed not, if they only bask in the smiles and favours of that bran new shoddy potentate—the Public. The singer's duties to his patron are to amuse, instruct, and edify. The first above all. If the singer be not interesting, though pure as an angel and wise as Solomon, the agreement is broken, and he is dismissed. In feudal times a fool was kept to say words of wisdom through the entertaining medium of folly. In these days singers are kept to express the loftiest ideas by melody of voice and the raptures of musical accent. To simulate passion and feeling, and to express them through inflections of the voice, are the powers demanded of the vocal artist. To fly on the wings of dramatic instinct to the extreme limits of the soul's flight; to cast away his individuality; to throw his whole personal nature from him, and allow it to be tossed helplessly to and fro, now in ecstasies to the heavens, and now in sorrows to the depths of despair; to open wide the flood-gates of his soul, that the streams of sentiment and the torrent of passion may flow through them without let or hindrance; and to guide and control these varied conditions and forces by the magic power of his art, so that they may move, excite, and influence those beneath his sway: these are the deeds of witchcraft expected of the singer.

The British public are not remarkably ethereal in their nature: they are seldom given to restless, heavenly journeyings, like the angels seen by Jacob in a dream. Instead of saying, with the fairies and other celestial beings, "Let us fly," they invariably mutter, "Let us sit;" and, it cannot be denied, they have heavy capacities for their favourite sedate occupation. Still, occasionally they like to travel a little outside their usual dismal sphere; to see a world beyond their shops, and snatch breath of an atmosphere purer than their counting-houses; to escape far from themselves, and their dull and sordid surroundings, into a fairer region and more ecstatic state. To realize this happiness for some brief moments they hire the singer for a guide; they hold on to the skirts of his musical garments, whilst carried by him on the wings of melody to a point whence they obtain a glimpse of another world and the kingdoms thereof. Singers, who can accomplish this feat on subjects so corporeal and material, are generally regarded with great favour and leniency. If, upon in-

spection, the Englishman discovers the wings of his angels to be soiled, and their pinions torn and besmeared with theatrical tinsel, he still will value them according to their merits. The soprano, who had quickened his faith by singing "I know that my Redeemer liveth," will not be despised when found to be a scheming and grasping lady. The contralto, who consoled him by murmuring, "O rest in the Lord," will not be contemned if proved to be vain and vulgar. The tenor, who quickened his soul with religious ardour whilst declaiming, "Sound an alarm," will not be despised if he be only an ordinary mortal; and the emphatic utterances of the basso will not lose their sublimity because they happen to be delivered by means of breath heavily laden with the fumes of tobacco and beer. John Bull knows full well that singers, in frailties and vices, are like the rest of men and women, but unlike them in their public and artistic assumptions of holiness. In oratorio, the singer, perhaps a frail woman, becomes an angel, the timid man, a hero, seizing upon the mantle of Elijah; and a poor erring creature, changed into an inspired being, uttering forth mandates of the Almighty. The artist, however, is never heard to say, "Ladies and gentlemen, there is no deception;" but rather, like Snug the joiner, with half his face seen through the lion's neck, he will declare, "I am a man as other men are."

The singer's voice is never so potent as when heard in oratorio performed in a cathedral. It then appears to be pitched in the very key-note of holy mysteries; it can call forth to the mind images, dimly conceived, of another world; it can soothe and hallow earthly sufferings; it can throw a ray of hope amidst the approaching shadows of death, and embody the triumphant hallelujah of the blessed in Heaven. This artistic luxury, this year, the Dean of Worcester denies the public. No musical festival, in the old established form, will he permit to be celebrated in his church. Ecclesiastical music, services and anthems, are to be substituted for oratorios. If there be one quality in which John Bull excels, it is tact in going to the best market for all things; and he certainly will not go to the priests for his music, any more than to the singer for his religion. His instincts and experience tell him that music may produce doubtful morals, but that the best of morals generally bring forth only dreadful music. Religion and art are often divorced. He acknowledges learning and piety in the clergy, but at the same time contends they are, to a man, bad singers and worse musicians. Is it any wonder that respect is denied the church in matters musical? During the past London season the two English Archbishops were invited by the future "Defender of the Faith" to say something in furtherance of the cause of music; and the only thing they could say was: they know nothing whatever about it. It is to be deplored that our prelates should not see the importance of understanding the principles of an art so much employed in the services of the Church, and by means of which Christians express their praise, thanksgiving, and adoration; and it is to be regretted their example is followed by the clergy who, with very rare exceptions, are utterly ignorant of the simplest rudiments of music, though often moved with envy at the power it has upon their congregations. If they pursued its study, and made themselves musicians, then perhaps the scandal they attach to the art would be removed, and musical performances would not be left to the mercies of singers and sinners.

JONATHAN JONES, JUN., *Musical Student.*

A LASTING IMPRESSION.

To hear again that scream! that strain!
That trill! fair maid, which thou indetest;
I only know one place to go,
'Tis where you're rivalled—chez my dentist. S.

PARMA.—*La Regina di Castiglia*, a new opera by Sig. Guindani, will most probably be produced here next Carnival.

TRIESTE.—The coming autumn season at the Teatro Comunale bids fair to be a very interesting one. The manager, Sig. Brunelli, who is also manager of the Scala, Milan, purposes including in his repertory Donizetti's *Lucia di Lammermoor*, Verdi's *Aida*, and Sig. Ponchielli's *Lituani*. His company will comprise—Signore Stolz, Sang, Valleria, Mariani; Signori Patierno, Pantaleoni, and Maini. Verdi's *Requiem*, also, will be performed, under the direction of the celebrated conductor, Sig. Faccio.

ACORNS, SLOES, AND BLACKBERRIES.

BY GIBBS GIBB GIBBS, ESQ.

No. 11.

Jean Baptiste Lully was born of obscure parents at Florence, in the year 1634. Having, whilst a child, showed great taste for music, a cordelier, from no other consideration than from the hope of his some time becoming eminent in the art, undertook to teach him the guitar. While under the tuition of this benevolent ecclesiastic, the chevalier Guise, then on his travels, arrived at Florence, and engaged Lully as a page for Mdle de Montpensier, a niece of Louis XIV., who directed that a master should be employed to teach him the violin; and in the course of a few months he became so great a proficient that he was elevated to the rank of court-musician, and gained admission into the King's band of violins. In a little time he began to compose. Some of his airs having been noticed by the King, the author was sent for, and his performance of them was thought so excellent, that a new band was formed, called *les Petits Violins*, and he was placed at the head of it. Under his direction they soon passed the famous band of twenty-four, till that time so much celebrated throughout Europe. This was about the year 1660, at which time the favourite entertainments at the French court were dramatic representations called *ballets*. These consisted of dancing intermixed with singing and speaking in recitative; and to many of them Lully was employed to compose the music. In 1669 Louis wished to have an academy in France to excel the one established in Venice for the performance of operas. He granted to the Abbé Perrin, Master of the Ceremonies to the Duke of Orleans, a privilege for the conducting of an opera after the model of that of Venice, but to be performed in the French language. Cambert, the organist of St Honoré's, was engaged to compose the music; but after a little while Lully contrived to get him to be removed, and himself to be appointed in his stead. Possessing now the situation of composer and joint-director of the Opera, he instituted a band of his own, and formed the design of building a new theatre near the Luxemburg palace, which was opened in November, 1670. At the time when Lully was placed at the head of *les Petits Violins*, not half the musicians in France were able to play at sight; and, with respect to composition, nothing can be conceived more inartificial than most of the sonatas and airs for violins at that time. The combination of sounds then allowed were too few to admit of sufficient variety; and the art of preparing and resolving discords was a secret confined to few. Lully contributed greatly to the improvement of French music. It is somewhat difficult to characterise his style. It seems, however, to have been completely original. He is said to have been the inventor of that species of composition, the overture; and more particularly that spirited movement, the *largo*, which is the general introduction to the fugue; for, though it may be said that the symphonies or preludes of Carissimi, Colonna, and others, are in effect overtures, yet the difference between them and those of Lully is very evident: the former were compositions of a mild and placid kind, the latter are animated and full of energy. In his overtures he introduced fugues, and was the first who, in the choruses, made use of the side and kettle drums. In the year 1686, the King was seized with an indisposition that threatened his life; but, recovering from it, Lully was required to compose a *Te Deum*. Accordingly he wrote one, which was not more remarkable for its excellence than the unhappy

accident with which its performance was attended. Nothing had been neglected; to demonstrate his zeal, he himself beat the time. With the cane he used for this purpose, in the heat of action (from the difficulty of keeping the band together), he struck his foot, which caused such considerable inflammation, that his physician soon advised him to have his little toe taken off; and, after a delay of some days, his foot; and at length the whole limb. At this juncture, an empiric offered to perform a cure without amputation. Two thousand pistoles (£1,700) were promised him if he should accomplish it; but all his efforts were in vain. Lully died in 1687, and was interred in the Church of the Discalceat Augustins, at Paris, where an elegant monument has been erected to his memory. A singular story of a conversation betwixt Lully and his confessor in his last illness is related, which exposes the weakness and folly of the priest. Having been, for many years, in the habit of composing for the Opera, the priest, as a testimony of his sincere repentance, and the conditions of his absolution, required of him to throw the last of his compositions into the fire. Lully, after some excuses, at length acquiesced, and, pointing to a drawer in which the rough draft of *Achilles and Polixenes* was deposited, it was taken out and burnt, and the confessor went away satisfied. Lully grew better and was thought out of danger, when one of the young princes came to visit him. "What, Baptiste," says he to him, "have you thrown your opera into the fire? you were a fool for thus giving credit to a gloomy Jansenist, and burning good music." "Hush! hush! my lord," answered Lully in a whisper, "I knew well what I was about, I have another copy of it." Unhappily this ill-timed pleasantry was followed by a relapse; the gangrene increased, and the prospect of inevitable death threw him into such pangs of remorse, that he submitted to be laid on a heap of ashes with a cord round his neck, and in this situation he expressed a deep sense of his late transgression. On being replaced in his bed he became composed, and died shortly afterwards.

MUSIC AT THE ANTIPODES.

(To the Editor of the "Musical World.")

SIR,—The great event of the month has been the re-appearance of Miss Alice May here, after nearly two years' absence. Mr Lyster's company of Opera Buffa having left the town to open the new Academy of Music at Ballarat (the first stone of which was laid by Mme Goddard), Mr Allen took the Opera House for his company, and crowded houses show how much it is appreciated. Miss May received such a welcome as only a great artist can obtain. She is now performing a round of operas that only the most versatile could play—*Satanella*, *Drogan*, *Marguerite*, *Bohemian Girl*, *Grand Duchess*, &c., &c.—and the papers scarcely know which to admire most. Unfortunately for Melbourne, this is to be her farewell visit, as, on the conclusion of the present season, the company goes to India, China, Japan, &c., &c. The manager of the Corinthian company, in Calcutta, has been sent over expressly to engage Mr Allen's company, and Mr Maguire, of California, has also sent to endeavour to obtain its services; so the probability is, the tour will begin in Bombay and terminate in San Francisco. It is needless to add that this final season is likely to prove the best ever given in Melbourne. On Saturday, crowds were unable to gain admission. The admirable way in which the company works under Mr Allen's conductorship is the talk of the town. In his opera, *Castle Grim*, two *débutantes* made a successful appearance on Friday last—Miss Emily Thompson and Miss Maggie Liddle. Mr Hallam has made great advances in his profession, and is now really a most capable actor as well as singer. The success of the Company in India is certain, and Miss Alice May's triumph is assured.

YOUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.

Melbourne, June 15th, 1875.

SECULAR OR GREGORIAN MUSIC.

(To the Editor of the "Musical World.")

Sir,—Man feels, and has ever felt, strong emotions in his soul—grief, sorrow, indignation; love, sympathy, and joy; and these he expresses, on all occasions, in strains that strike a corresponding chord in our nature. If speech is the medium of his emotion, or if song conveys it to us, there is that faithful and essential harmony between his emotion and ours, that, if he would touch our heart, he must strike the chord which is in unison with ours. Otherwise he fails to give satisfaction or pleasure.

Now, the question is—whether the emotions of the soul are better expressed in one form of music than in another—in Secular or Gregorian music. I must claim your indulgence while I treat of this question, for it appears there are writers to be met with who have a preference for Gregorian music, and especially there is one, a member of the church to which I have the honour to belong, to whom I would particularly direct my observations. In reaching him I believe I shall reach all other writers who are robbing the Church—Catholic or Protestant—of soul-stirring and delightful music. If I am more favourable to my own church service than to the Protestant service, it is my faith; and I may be excused this pardonable liberty.

Since music is only an accompaniment to our emotions, and since there is no restriction to our emotions, there can be no restriction placed to the music which accompanies them. But writers argue that one form of music is preferable to another. Here is an attempt to limit the accompanying strains in which we give utterance to our emotions; and we cannot allow that the emotions have any circumscribed song to express them. That being so, there must be definite and incontrovertible reasons given why Gregorian, and not secular, music should accompany our services. This form of music must be shown to be universal in point of time and place; that it is devotionally and musically better; and that its construction is superior. It is not sufficient to make an assertion; proof is necessary before we accept Gregorian music as suitable to our emotions. Writers have not descended to proof; and, what is more, they cannot; for Gregorian music will not bear any test, either as to universality, adaptability, or construction. They take safer ground in generalities, and leave the specialities of Gregorian music alone. We must commend their foresight; for it is easier to offer a general remark, than to show the excellences of the one and the deficiencies of the other—to show where Gregorian is universal, is superior in construction, or better adapted to our emotional feelings than secular music. Not in time or in place, in suitableness or in construction, is Gregorian music comparable to secular music. That Gregorian is essentially church music is no reason why it surpasses, either devotionally or musically, secular music; or that it expresses equally the emotions of the soul. It is characteristic music—not so much of the emotions as of the church; and herein consists its real value. Secular music, on the other hand, is particularly adapted for expressing the emotions. It is a form of music universal in point of time and place. We are accustomed to secular music from the time of our infancy. All the world over we accompany our sorrow, our love, our joy, our sympathy, or indignation, with this pleasing strain, which is in unison with sacred feelings in our hearts. What more natural, then, than that that form of music which satisfies our highest feelings, with which our ears have become familiar, should accompany our emotions when expressed to God in His church?

The gist of the matter lies here. If we are accustomed to music, which is fully recognized as adequate, to express our emotions, why shall we seek a strange form of music, which is not adequate or in harmony with them? Is it simply because it is church music? There is no other reason. But the same reasoning would show (I speak as a Catholic, and my words will apply to those Protestant churchmen who copy our Church in this and other matters) that we might adopt Latin in our prayers, and not our mother tongue, because Latin is the language of the Church. Gregorian advocates may say this is no parallel. It is an exact parallel to their reasoning. Protestant churchmen may say, what applies to Catholics does not apply to them; but, inasmuch as they copy our Church, and for the same reason—to make their music characteristic of the Church—it applies to them equally. The Church adopts Latin for her own use; she also adopts a Gregorian form of music; not because God is praised more in Latin than in English, nor that Gregorian music is more devotional than secular music; but because she requires distinguishing features of her own. Therefore, on this solitary reason on which they rely, Gregorian advocates are upset.

I will meet them in another way. If Gregorian music were the best adapted to emotions, the Church could not encourage secular musical art; and she does. Justly so; for what she requires is that the heart should pour forth every joy and sorrow in a free, natural, and unrestrained manner. The Church is not more catholic in religion than she is in promoting every happiness and pleasure which bring gratifica-

tion and satisfaction to her children—and music is a real happiness in weal or woe. I suppose the Protestant would lay claim to this also. Catholics have enjoyed this wise and salutary encouragement in all ages, and hence the grand ceremonial and joyful music which work on our emotions and rejoice the heart. The Catholic Church leads her children in a natural way. She does not dispossess them of aught that gladdens the heart; on the contrary, she heightens the measure of their satisfaction by making all her services aglow with colour and warmth. This is what Protestants cannot understand. They think the joy and hilarity of Catholics nothing less than licence and profanity. They are so lugubrious themselves, so long accustomed to join in cold, rasping services, stultifying the emotions and surrounding the heart in cheerless gloom, that their Puritanism is shocked when brought in contact with Catholic worship. I say this out of no ill will towards them, but in all sincerity. Even converts cannot immediately disassociate themselves from the frigidity which marked their barren services. But when converts want to reform our services—there's the tickle! I know a writer, a convert, who has been lately treating us to articles on this subject of Gregorian music. Curiously enough, he sets himself up to be an authority on music, when actually he has no knowledge of Gregorian or secular music! This eccentric luminary has been throwing all the light he could afford—and that not more than a tenth-rate amateur's—on the two forms of music. In his erratic wanderings he tells us he has discovered where Gregorian music has been adopted. He hastens to the conclusion that we ought to adopt it in our services.

I take notice of this writer because he is no authority on any form of music; because he does not understand the genial atmosphere of Catholic services; for whom Gregorian music was intended; and because he has unburdened himself of pretentious knowledge in an influential Catholic paper, the *Tablet*. For his information, I tell him he may hear Gregorian music not only in Germany but in every country where Catholic worship exists. In every conventual chapel throughout the world he will hear Gregorian song. But he forgets entirely that this form of music was made, and is intended expressly for religious communities of men shut out from the world and using simple devotions. Even they draw largely on secular music whenever special occasions demand it. In Catholic public worship, however, secular music, in Germany, as in all other countries, accompanies public services. This is in use for all the reasons I have mentioned; because it is the music always accompanying our emotions, and in harmony with them; because it has a richer and completer construction; because the Catholic Church wishes to encourage the free and spontaneous expressions of the heart; and because she would swell the grand proportions of her majestic services by a full chorus of voices blending in harmonious and lovely song. All voices are asked to praise God; secular music provides a part for every voice. Why not help to strengthen our choirs by assigning their part to female voices for whom it was created, and without whose assistance secular music is incomplete? Yet it is sought by writers in our Church, and in the Protestant Church, to exclude the female voice from our choirs; thereby to prevent an effective rendering of secular music, the most impassioned strain of our heart, and introduce Gregorian music instead.

This effort cannot last. Our emotions cannot be warped by cheerless music, nor our understanding deceived by a fallacious argument in favour of Gregorian music. Catholics want the glow and the warmth of their public services unimpaired, while Protestants should see that the little music left them in their services was spared to them, and if possible increased. We all want to derive pleasure and satisfaction from our devotions, and there is no means so efficient as those eternal sounds which are in unison with our hearts' purest feelings, and have ever assuaged them—the thrilling strains of secular music.—I am, Sir, yours truly,

CONCORDIA.

MAD. ADELINA PATTI AT DIEPPE.

An event to which, for some time previously, people had been looking forward with great eagerness, and which had furnished matter for more conversation than half a dozen other topics put together, including even the revolt in the Herzegovina and the daring feat projected by Capt. Webb, came off with great éclat on the 25th inst. Mad. Adelina Patti appeared at a concert for the benefit of the sufferers by the Normandy inundations, and of the widows of sailors belonging to Dieppe. The Minister of Marine and all the rank and fashion now sojourning in the town were present. Every seat had been snapt up the instant the concert was announced. Mad. Patti sang the cavatina from *La Traviata*, Gounod's "Ave, Maria," the "Shadow Song" from Meyerbeer's *Dinorah*, and some French ballads by Gounod. She was enthusiastically applauded and encored in every piece. After the concert, she was serenaded by the orchestra of the Theatre. The evening's receipts exceeded considerably 12,000 francs.

PARIS SCRAPS.

(From our Parisian Scrapper.)

At the Grand Opera, *Guillaume Tell* has been performed, the new comer, Madlle de Reszké, taking the part of Mathilde, in which, as in that of Ophelia, she produced a favourable impression, despite the fact of her having to struggle against the recollection of Mad. Carvalho. Whether Madlle de Reszké will ever be a Patti or a Nilsson it would be rash to predict, but even now she can very well hold her own with most of the artists belonging to M. Halanzier's company. M. Salomon was the Arnold. Vocally, he was not bad; dramatically, he would not have shone too brilliantly among a troop of amateurs, kindly giving their services for some local charity. By the bye, what a nose for scenting out local charities, under cover of whose name they can make public display of their inefficiency and awkwardness, amateur actors do possess. M. Lasalle was Guillaume.

The Opéra-Comique re-opened its doors with *Richard and La Fille du Régiment*. The next day it gave *Les Dragons de Villars* and *Bonsoir, Voisin*, and, the day after that, *Le Caid* and *Les Noces de Jeannette*. Then, too, we have had M. Valdéo, formerly of the Athénée, in *Zampa*. Whatever other faults and shortcomings may be laid to his charge, M. Du Locle, the manager, cannot be accused of any want of variety in his programmes. Very soon he will revive *Le Val d'Andorre*, with Mdle Chapuy as Rose de Mai and M. Obin as the Goatherd. This will be followed by the *Piccolino* of M. Guiraud, for which M. Victorien Sardou has altered one of his comedies into a libretto. Two composers, Johann Strauss and Mad. Grandval, have already tried their hands on the same subject. Before concluding my notice on this theatre, I must, I am sorry to say, tell you that M. Deloffre, the conductor, is so indisposed, that it has been necessary to replace him by M. Hostein. He is not, however, in absolute danger.

After all, M. Arsène Houssaye will not be the manager of the Théâtre-Lyrique. The lucky, or unlucky, individual is M. Campocasso, who, not very many months ago, was manager of the Théâtre Royal de la Monnaie, Brussels, in which capacity he did anything but give general satisfaction. Let us hope that he may please the Parisians better than he pleased the good people of the Belgian capital. He begins his new managerial career with the respectable Government grant of 197,000 francs.

The Renaissance will, it is said, re-open with *Girofle-Girofla*. We are then promised a revival of *Les Porcherons*, by MM. Sauvage and Albert Grisar, with Mad. Peschard in the principal part. The new opera by Herr Johann Strauss will be produced in November, while the season is to conclude with the same composer's *Reine Indigo*.

The commencement of the season at the Bouffes Parisiens is fixed for the 1st September, as, by that time, Mad. Théo will have returned from Aix-les-Bains. The opening piece will be *La Jolie Parfumeuse*.

On the motion of M. Hérold, the Municipal Council have voted the sum of 10,000 francs, "as an encouragement to such musical composers as apply themselves to the composition of symphonic and popular works." This is the first time the Council have manifested any interest in artistic matters, and, though the sum in question is small, the precedent created is of importance. It has been decided to apportion the 10,000 francs in the following manner, which does not seem to tally exactly with the object the Council had in view when making the grant:—1. One prize of 300 francs and another of 200, to the two teachers in Communal Schools who can produce the best musical scholars. 2. Three medals, worth 500 francs each, to private musical institutions tending to raise the standard of musical education independently of the Conservatory. 3. An annual prize of 3,000 francs for the most remarkable musical work—symphony, oratorio, &c., but not an opera—produced in the course of each year. 4. Two prizes of 1,000 francs each for a composition for voices only, to be sung in unison by the people, and a four-part song for the Orphéons of the City of Paris. The subjects of these pieces must be the grandeur and the love of one's native land. The writer of the words to each piece will receive 500 francs. 5. Two prizes of 500 francs each to the private choral societies which possess the best female choruses. 6. 1,000 francs every year to cover the expense incurred for the musical examina-

tion of female pupils intending to follow the profession of teachers.

MUSIC AT ST JAMES'S, HATCHAM.

The dedication festival of the above church took place on St James's day and was observed with unprecedentedly elaborate services. The Holy Eucharist was thrice offered, the celebration being fully choral. The Processional was hymn 82 (Hymnal Noted), and the Introit 'How dear are Thy counsels.' Schubert's Kyrie, Credo, Sanctus, Benedictus, Agnus Dei, and Gloria in Excelsis were sung, the offertory being 'Glorious king of martyrs,' and the Hallelujah Chorus. Gounod's 'O salutaris' followed the Agnus Dei, the antiphon being 'Wisdom hath builded.' The service was rendered by a surpliced choir of fifty men and boys, and a band of twenty-two performers. The vicar of St James's, Rev. Arthur Tooth, M.A., celebrated. He was assisted by acolytes, thurifers, and crucifix bearers in their respective degrees. The altar was splendidly adorned with flowers, and numerous lights burned on and around it. Incense was freely used, and during the elevation the trumpets played a phrase twice, after the manner observed in some continental churches. The clergy in choir were the Revs. H. Gurney (Fellow of Clare College, Cambridge), E. Kirkland (St Paul's, Walworth), W. H. Browne (St James's), and A. H. Stanton (St Alban's, Holborn), the last named reverend gentleman having been announced as the preacher. They wore birettas, cassocks, and surplices.

At evensong, the church was again crowded to excess, and numbers of persons failed to obtain admission. The office was sung from the sedilia, the officiating priest being vested in a cope. The Rev. R. Linklater, of St Peter's, London Docks, preached on the words, "All power is given unto Me in heaven and in earth." The special psalms were 47, 29, and 136. They were taken to the 5th tone, first and second ending. The Magnificat and Nunc Dimittis were sung to a service in A, composed by Mr Jacob Bradford, Mus. Bac., Oxon, the musical director of the festival, special orchestral accompaniments being also written by him for the occasion. His fine anthem, "I was glad," took the place of the office hymn. After the sermon, "Faith of our fathers" and the Hallelujah Chorus were sung. The clergy and acolytes, cross bearer, and thurifers, next ranged themselves before the altar, which bore numerous lighted tapers, and a solemn Te Deum was chanted. The banner bearers, choir, cross bearer, and clergy then took their respective banners, and left the chancel, singing, "Onward, Christian soldiers," the effect being heightened by the orchestral accompaniments. Thus ended the most elaborate and ornate service as yet heard in any Church of England place of worship, both as regards ritual and music. The care with which the musical portion was rehearsed entitles Mr Bradford and Mr Wareham to high credit for the able discharge of their respective duties as director and organist. The choir and band worked well together from the first, and, during the two months that special practisings have been carried on, there has been but one feeling uppermost. The orchestra was efficiently led by Mr Pawle, and, amongst its members, Mr Webb (of the Crystal Palace) was clarinet, Mr Wilmore (also of the Crystal Palace) and Mr Foghill (of the Philharmonic orchestra), trumpets; Messrs Horsley and Walter, flute; Messrs Cobbett, Bath, Rudersdorf, Kendall, Bliss, and other gentlemen assisted with stringed instruments; Mr Brett with the euphonium, and Mr Cleaver with the drums. Mr King had charge of the choir arrangements. The soloists were Messrs Palmer, Loveday, Gardner, Hewitt, and Master Belle.

The voluntary before service in the morning was an *Andante* from Schubert's Symphony in E flat; in the evening, an *Ave Maria* by Cherubini, arranged by Mr Webb (clarinetist), a "Marche aux Flambeaux" (Scotson Clark), and, after the service, "Marche Romaine" (Gounod). This latter was repeated in the evening, in the place of "Marche Héroïque" (Bradford), which had been specially scored for the occasion, but was not played, owing to the fact that the MS. copies were not complete. The tone of the band was excellent throughout; the ensemble of the strings was specially to be commended. We noticed particularly the quartet in the anthem, the clarinet *obbligato* being splendidly played by Mr Webb. The entire services were repeated on the following day.

THE TEMPLE AT BAYREUTH.

(To the Editor of the "Musical World.")

Sir,—To-day I forward you an article, which, under the above heading, I found in a recent number of the *Art Musical*. I take this step, not because I agree with all that the writer says, or because I suppose that you do, but because I deem the article well adapted to enlighten your readers as to the sentiments entertained by very many persons in France towards the Musical Prophet of the Future. Here it is:—

"It cannot be a theatre; it is a temple erected in honour of a god by the god himself. On one occasion only will the deity exhibit himself to the eyes of believers. After that he will ascend to the spheres of eternity, leaving behind him a luminous track on our unhappy world. Once will the *Nibelungen* dazzle our souls, and then Bayreuth and its temple will return to chaos. One single type of the ideal masterpiece will issue from the sacred mould; the mould will then be shattered or carried away by angels. The act of faith will have cost some millions of francs, but with what glory it will cover the holy people who had the ineffable grace to produce Richard Wagner!

"Such is the substance of the hymns now being sung by the fanatics. We French, who, in questions not involving politics, are gifted with robust common sense, ask whether the whole business is a mystification or a proof of insanity.

"A letter published by M. Edmond Neukomm, in the *XXIXe Siècle*, furnishes us with details which give a poor opinion of the edifice at Bayreuth. It is large, uniform, and regular, like an immense barn, or an enormous shed at a fair. The auditorium is dwarfed, while the height of the stage reaches ninety-six feet. The interior is repulsively naked and monotonous. No boxes or luxurious places; the whole is a kind of amphitheatre separated from the stage by a chasm in which will be concealed the orchestra, out of sight of the spectators. Herr Wagner, who has invented and directed everything, calls this chasm the 'mystic space.'

"The *Nibelungen* will be performed in four evenings, for the opera which the Pontif of the Future is about to administer to his fanatics is quadruple. Then, as we said above, Bayreuth will relapse into silence, and the temple will be turned into a magazine for forage, unless it is burnt, so that its ashes may be scattered to the four quarters of Germany. Lastly, the *Nibelungen* will re-ascend to the clouds, or constitute the glory of the Musico-German Fatherland—if they do not fall flat the fourth evening, leaving behind them only the recollection of the most gigantic mystification of modern times, for, we repeat it, the whole business is either a mystification or a proof of insanity.

"We have no reason to spare Herr Wagner. Whether speaking as Frenchmen or cosmopolitan critics, we find for him only words of indignation. This man whom Nature endowed with marvellous gifts; this man who ought to have become a great musician, and shed lustre upon the epoch in which he lived, has done nothing but heap up ruins around him. His absorbing, envious, and malevolent spirit has attacked everything beautiful and deserving respect; on the remains of the splendid school founded by the masters of music and even by great poets, he has attempted to raise himself a throne, and, were he allowed to do so, nothing would remain standing of whatever has rendered famous the nineteenth century and the end of the eighteenth; everything would be dominated and wiped out by his invading personality, by that fatal face in which hate displays its most odious grimaces. A false admirer of the Antique, which he arranges after his own fashion; an utter contemner of what is modern; admiring only himself, but doing so without cessation and without restraint, Herr Wagner, we hope, will leave behind him nothing more than the recollection of an artistic monstrosity.

"Both as a politician and as a man of the world, Herr Wagner would, certainly, furnish matter for a study the reverse of flattering, but we will speak of him only as a musician. We shall find ample grounds to account for our antipathy.

"The musician, who began with works full of promise, and was endowed with the qualities to produce a master, has fallen, thanks to his pride, into the balderdash of exaggeration. In the first place he thought: 'I will not do as others have done. My genius shall strike out a new road.' This road was scarcely aught but a narrow path, encumbered with weeds and stones. He then thought: 'The road by which I was the first to pass, must be the only good road, the only road to be followed.' He then attacked, with savage brutality, everything he had previously admired. He saw nothing but Himself; Himself; always Himself! The pride of the artist, a pride pushed to madness, rendered execrable a man who was naturally bad. This man has been stubborn and cruel in his hate. He has gone so far as to forget the time when he gained his livelihood among us, and was always well treated in Paris. For this he will render an account to Heaven.

"To all of us, French, Italians, and even Germans, he is bound to

render an account for the miserable state to which he has endeavoured to reduce musical art. His genius for intrigue, his audacity, and his art as an actor, have procured for him such supporters, that he has imperilled our great art and, for a time, obstructed its progress. Italy will be saved by the vigour of her temperament; as for Germany, she will remain unproductive and foggy so long as she chooses to imbibe the Wagnerian poison. Let her. But we French cannot entertain for this false reformer too much hatred.

"He has perverted the musical feeling of our youth; he is the cause, to a great extent, why they produce nothing that will live; he has poisoned the young school by his anti-musical doctrines; he has robbed it of its respect for the masters, and has doomed it to protracted sterility. Had not our public opposed, with their cold energy, an insurmountable barrier to the Wagnerian encroachments, our national art would now be in the most pitiable condition. But the public were on their guard, and are so still. We are the more sure of them because it is their nature itself which resists. In their invincible repugnance to this false music there is nothing to show a preconceived purpose. The public consider the new Wagnerian manner to be hideous and irritating. They reject it, and disown works from which it seems to peep forth. That is all.

"Yet, in days gone by, we applauded some superb pages signed Richard Wagner, and, had he not tortured his musical genius, so as to render it as monstrous as his intellect, we should, doubtless, applaud him still. But his bad feelings have become more strongly marked and exaggerated; he has produced tiresome, soporific, and unhealthy works. We have had the *Meistersinger*, that summary of his musical life up to the present, and the *Meistersinger*, a genuine mystification, has not been able to succeed anywhere.

"Now come the Temple of Bayreuth and the *Nibelungen*, an opera in four evenings—the maddest enterprise ever yet conceived by an artist or a patient escaped from Charenton. Everything is being prepared; the chorus is studying; the solo singers are ready; the orchestra is rehearsing under the direction of the composer, who has declared he is the only person worthy of conducting the immense work, which, like the 'De Profundis' of Master Barnabas, 'is destined to inter all the others.'

"Let us await the result. If it is such as we suppose it will be, the Theatre at Bayreuth may, without any very great modifications, be turned into a lunatic asylum.

"Come what may, however, we determined not to let slip the opportunity of expressing our opinion about Herr Richard Wagner, and his Temple. Richard Wagner, our common enemy, and the executioner of modern art, has launched out into a foolhardy enterprise which proves that his pride has been pushed to insanity. His disappointment can never equal the failure we hope he will experience; the complete failure he deserves. The greater that failure, the more ought the world of art to rejoice.

"G. STRADINA."

If this is not a striking exemplification of the adage: "Give a dog a bad name and hang him," I am at a loss to say what is. Though no Wagnerite, I was, among other things, ignorant until now, that Herr Wagner is the cause of the present dearth of great musicians in France.

I sometimes do not exactly understand M. Stradina, but that does not matter so much. I know he is pitching into Herr Wagner, as surely as I should feel convinced that, in any engagement for which their services might be secured, English troops, though hidden from my sight by the smoke, were pegging away at their foe.—Yours obediently,

PELTER BROWN.

Grand Hotel A l'Eclat Rôtis, Paris.

COLOGNE.—The immense bell of the Cathedral will require some alteration before it can be rung. The clapper is too short, and will not touch the sides.

ALEXANDRA PALACE.—On Saturday last, the Summer Evening Concert was devoted to national hymns and ballads, and attracted an immense audience. The artists engaged were Miss F. Heywood, Mdme Osborne Williams, and Mr Wilford Morgan, with increased orchestra and chorus of 500. The concert was a great success. Miss Heywood sang "Come back to Erin," very agreeably, and Mdme Williams was heard to advantage in "Kathleen Mavourneen," but the vast space of the great central hall is very trying for ladies' voices. It did not, however, seem to affect Mr Wilford Morgan, whose voice told out with immense effect in Shield's old song, "The Thorn," which was enthusiastically encored, Mr Morgan substituting "The Bay of Biscay," in response thereto, with, if possible, increased effect. In the second part, he gave his own popular ballad, "My sweetheart when a boy," which was unanimously encored and repeated. The chorus were very successful, and the orchestra, under Mr Weist Hill's direction, everything that could be desired.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

ETHEL.—We have great pleasure in being able to afford our fair correspondent the information she requires. The first performance of M. Gounod's *Faust* in Wiesbaden took place in July, 1861. Mad. Deetz was Marguerite, and Herr Caffieri, Faust.

PUZZLED.—The document to which you refer was entitled "The humble Memorial of the Professors, Members, Associates, and Honorary Members of the Royal Academy of Music." It was addressed to the Right Honourable William Ewart Gladstone, then Chancellor of the Exchequer.

ROUGE CROIX.—The Arms of her Ladyship's first husband were emblazoned on the front of the instrument, and occupied the space generally devoted to the maker's name. The shield was *lozengy vair and gu.* The supporters were two Leopards, rampant and gorged, i.e., bearing a collar round each of their throats.

NICODEMUS.—We have heard nothing of the rumour in question, and we think it utterly without any foundation in truth. The conditions on which the theatre is offered would alone be sufficient, we should say, to deter the most sanguine speculator from becoming a tenant, unless, indeed, he could get the present lease considerably prolonged.

DON DIEGO DE LOS BIGOTES LARGOS.—The *Capitan del Popolo* was never a native of the town in which he held command. A stranger was always selected for the appointment, because it was supposed that he would fulfil his duty more impartially between the various factions of the place than a man connected with any of them by ties of consanguinity. The *Capitan del Popolo* was a very important personage in days gone by.

SQUIRE MARMADUKE.—*Euryanthe* was dedicated, by permission, to the Emperor Franz, who subsequently sent Weber a handsome snuffbox set with diamonds. At the interview granted to the composer, his Majesty, referring to the Italian singers at the Imperial Operahouse, between whom and their German colleagues there reigned a feeling which was the reverse of friendly, observed, in the Viennese dialect: "*Ja, ja, der Krieg ist halt aus, aber's Geplänkel hört nit auf.*" ("Yes, yes, the war may be over, but the skirmishing will not cease for all that.")

ONCE MORE.—The first English representative of the part of Arsace in Rossini's *Semiramide* was Mad. Vestris. We can still recollect the full length portrait of her as the young hero in the "penny plain, twopence coloured" series of theatrical characters which adorned the shop-fronts some thirty or thirty-five years ago. The lines in Voltaire's original tragedy, on which the libretto is founded, run, we think, as follows, though we are not sure, as we quote from memory:—

"Où, Mitrané, en secret l'ordre émané du trône
Remet entre tes bras Arsace à Babylone.
Que la Reine, en ces lieux, brillants de sa splendeur
De son puissant génie imprime la grandeur.
Quel art a pu former ces enceintes profondes,
Où l'Euphrate, égarée, porte en tribut ses ondes;
Ce temple; ces jardins, en l'air soutenus;
Ce vaste mausolée, où repose Ninus!
Eternels monuments, moins admirables qu'elle,
C'est ici qu'à ses bras Sémiramis m'appelle!"
Etc., etc., etc.

Are these the lines you mean?

MARRIAGE.

On August 19, Mr ROBERT WILLIAM ABEL, of Northampton, to EMILY MIDDLETON, daughter of Alderman Vernon, of Nine-Springs Villa, Northampton.

ERRATA.—In the extract from a private letter, headed "Mad. Wagner and Herr Niemann," at Page 569 of our last issue, there is a correction needed. "Mad. Cosima" should be read for "Mad. Cosimo."

At the sixth line of the Poem: "When years ago," Page 572, for "dark" read "dash."

NOTICE.

To ADVERTISERS.—The Office of the MUSICAL WORLD is at Messrs DUNCAN DAVISON & Co.'s, 244, Regent Street, corner of Little Argyl Street (First Floor). It is requested that Advertisements may be sent not later than Thursday. Payment on delivery.

The Musical World,

LONDON, SATURDAY, AUGUST 28, 1875.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE MUSICAL WORLD.

SIR,—One night, at the old Coburg, the two portions of a certain back scene—nearly every back scene was then divided into two portions—stuck fast. There they stood, with a yawning gap of some four or five feet between them. All the efforts of the scene-shifters proving ineffectual to move them, the stage-manager gave the signal for the actors to proceed with the drama. This was too much for a patron of the establishment in the gallery, who exclaimed, in a tone of indignant expostulation: "We don't look for grammar 'ere, but yer might close yer flats." To a certain extent, I resemble the author of the above remonstrance. I have something to say regarding some of our Metropolitan Managers, but I am not foolish or weak-minded enough to ask anything preposterous of them, any more than, to judge by his words just quoted, our Transpontine playgoer was. It would never enter my head to suggest that Managers should consent to be taxed for the purpose of paying inspectors—not appointed by them, but by the chief of the Metropolitan Police, the Chairman of the Board of Works, or any properly constituted authority—to go round every day and see that the tanks, which are nominally full of water, are really full of water; that the engines and hydrants, which are supposed to be ready for service at a moment's notice, are not, on the contrary, out of gear and useless; and that the hatchets which ought to be hanging at various stations in the "flies," to cut away any scenes or "cloths," as they are technically designated, which may happen to catch fire, are actually in their places, and, moreover, bright and sharp, not rusty and blunt. I am not so outrageous as to propose that, if Managers will not spontaneously adopt the very best modes of ventilation known to modern science, they should be compelled to do so, by the strong arm of the law; nor do I say that they should be called on to throw their money away, in causing the various doors in their theatres to shut properly, so as to diminish the risk, or, rather, certainty, to which their audiences are at present exposed, of colds in the head, neuralgia, and acute rheumatism. Still, like our Coburg acquaintance, who thought the stage-carpenters of the once popular establishment in the Waterloo Road might "close their flats," I fancy there are a few reforms, which, moderate as I am, I consider needful. I would even venture to advocate that something should be done with a view of carrying them out.

I begin by putting a question. Is there any valid reason why English playgoers, or a considerable portion of them—and that the portion, moreover, who constitute the very backbone of the theatrical treasurer's hopes—should be subjected to grievous personal inconvenience, if not absolute torture, before they can gratify their dramatic tastes? Englishmen have been accused of taking their pleasure sadly. Must they take it uncomfortably into the bargain? On Boxing-night, for instance, and other occasions when, as a rule, the weather is not all that could be desired, why should those who wish to obtain good places in the pit or gallery have to wait an hour or two in, probably, a murky yellow fog of the consistency of pea-soup, or a drizzling rain interspersed with sleet and snow, ere they can gain their object? And why, when the doors are opened, should the public waiting before them be obliged to initiate the enjoyment of

the evening by engaging in a protracted struggle, during which shoes are lost, bonnets smashed, hats knocked off, and coats rent up, while the shouts of the men and the shrieks of the women might lead any one unacquainted with our peculiar customs—say Lord Macaulay's typical New Zealander—to suppose that the crowd were intent upon murder rather than amusement? Is there no remedy for this not very creditable state of things? I am inclined to believe there is an extremely simple one, though the fact of its never having been hitherto adopted is, of course, terribly against it. Let all the seats in the pit and gallery be duly separated and numbered. Let it be possible for any one to call at the theatre on the morning of performance, or even a day, or two days, or three days, previously, and purchase his pit or gallery ticket, also numbered. Nay; let him be able to procure it by forwarding its pecuniary value, plus postage, in the shape of a post-office order. In the evening, let there be a sufficient staff of attendants to see that the holder of each ticket, whether taken at the doors, or bought beforehand, obtains the numbered seat to which he is entitled. Were this plan adopted, people would not have to kick their heels, as at present, for hours in the street; they might enter the theatre exactly when they choose; and a dangerous personal conflict would cease to be as indispensable to a Christmas Pantomime as the overture itself.

But this numbering of all the seats would clash with another system which deserves, perhaps, reprobation. Managers know how many persons their theatres can accommodate just as well as a wine merchant can tell you how many bottles of whisky are contained in a gallon. Yet, only too often, they act as though they were totally ignorant on this head, or laboured under the strange delusion that, owing to some elastic quality inherent to them, theatres expand like india-rubber or gutta-percha, and that their size can be regulated to suit the number of persons seeking admission. I am reckless enough to consider this managerial impression not only as subversive of the ideas which Science has implanted in our minds concerning the unyielding nature of bricks and mortar, but as conducive to a practice more honoured in the breach than the observance. As many a holiday-maker has discovered to his cost, it is rather hard, after paying your money, and battling your way into the theatre, to be obliged, not only to dispense with such a luxury as a seat, but to find that even standing-room means room for one foot alone, and that, in this crane-like position, you must be content to view the performance under the arms or between the heads of those before you, unless you listen to the voice of the charmer who ejaculates: "Plenty of room in the upper boxes, gentlemen;" and, sooner than lose the sum you originally paid for admission, incur additional expenditure, on which you never reckoned, and which you can, perhaps, ill afford.

Again, several of our metropolitan theatres are so defectively constructed that any notion of obtaining from a large number of side places in them aught but the most infinitesimal glimpse of the performance, is a mockery, a delusion, and a snare. All that the occupant of such a place can see is the opposite side of the auditorium, with, if he is exceptionally lucky, two or three of the furthest gas jets of the float. A Manager is not to blame for the faulty construction of his theatre, if he did not build it himself, but he has no right to receive payment for places whence he is perfectly aware no one can obtain a view of what is going forward on the stage. Whenever he had any peculiar attraction, he might just as logically, and not one iota more reprehensibly,

fit up seats on his roof, and let them for the price he charges for places in the best parts of his house. Such a plan would not be a whit more objectionable than the system pursued at present. Ill-natured persons might stigmatise both the one and the other as extremely like obtaining money under false pretences.

At some future period, I will, with your permission, return to the subject, which is far from being exhausted.

N. V. N.



OCCASIONAL NOTES.

"We old maids," once remarked a representative of the class, "love cats because we have no husbands. We attach ourselves instinctively to the most treacherous animals after men."

THE German poet, Grillparzer, attained an advanced age. Towards the end of his life, he complained, one day, to his medical man, of not feeling very lively. "You are suffering from nothing," observed the doctor. "No, nothing," said Grillparzer, "except," he added with a smile, "from the want of young blood."

A NUMBER of the Berlin *Intelligenzblatt* contained, some time since, the following advertisement:—"A ladies' orchestra, with or without costume, are open to an engagement. Apply directly, Fehrbellinerstrasse, No. 23, first floor." What can the Berlin police authorities be about to allow such an advertisement?

ROSSINI, we are told, hit upon an excellent expedient for shortening the audiences he could not avoid granting to a great number of importunate visitors. He had only one chair in his reception-room, and thus no one could sit down and indulge in a long prosy conversation. It was only especially privileged persons whom he sometimes invited to go into the next apartment, and—fetch another chair. *Se non è vero, è ben trovato.*

ONE day that there was a dinner-party at Prince Carl of Prussia's country house near Potsdam, Count Dönhoff, the Prince's Chamberlain, whispered to the young Countess von Seydewitz, shortly before the company took their seats: "The gentleman yonder, who will occupy the chair to your left, is Strauss." During the repast, the Countess turned towards the individual thus pointed out, and said, with a most amiable expression of countenance: "I am delighted to meet the celebrated author of *The Life of* —." "I beg your pardon, Countess; I am not the author of the work in question; I am —." "Excuse me," said his fair interlocutress, interrupting him; "How could I be so foolish. I have the pleasure of addressing the composer of the celebrated Vienna waltzes, which —." "I must once more beg your pardon. You are again mistaken. I am the Rev. Herr Strauss, Royal Chaplain!"

If, when the present number of the *Musical World* appears, the weather is as hot as it has been for some time past, our readers may peruse with pleasure the following extract from a letter, sent, a winter or two since, by a musician in Königsberg to a friend of his:—

"Your letter reached me only this morning. Locomotion on the railway has been stopped since Wednesday; the workmen were

employed a whole day in shovelling away the snow, but more kept falling. This winter is rather too much of a good thing, and I am not at all pleased with our planet. I never knew such cold. Every third pupil that enters the room is a Polar bear, that wants to warm itself. It is something quite usual for two or three wolves to drop in of an evening to tea. If the thermometer is only ten degrees below freezing point, a thaw sets in, so much is Nature out of her reckoning. Formerly, a man had five fingers to his hand; he has now five icicles. I have been obliged to have the keys of my piano scooped out, and live coals put in the cavities. This is not a pleasant place, as you may have heard. Every year we have winter for nine months, and no summer for three. I greet you most Arctically."

SIG. TREBBI, a music-publisher of Bologna, has opened in that city two large rooms, where, for fivepence an hour in the daytime, and double that amount in the evening, the lovers of music may execute the newest and most fashionable compositions, music and pianos being provided without extra charge. That the scheme will prove a success is more than we are prepared to affirm. We will content ourselves by observing that, if we wished to locate ourselves at Bologna, we should not rent a *palazzo*, or even the humblest lodgings, next, or near, to Sig. Trebbi's establishment. We have had occasion, when visiting Margate and other aristocratic sea-side resorts, to learn the effect produced by only one piano when played in the public room by a patroness of the Baths attached to that room. The very thought of such a fair performer, with hair streaming down her back, a vigorous wrist, an unscrupulous ear, and far from perfect execution, fills us even now with horror. But what, in the name of goodness, or rather badness, would be the result, if twenty pianos instead of one were going at the same time? The thought, we repeat, fills us with horror. As King Lear says:

"O! that way madness lies; let me shun that;
No more of that."

A CONCERT was given, on the 18th inst., in the new Banqueting Hall of the Cutlers' Company, Sheffield, under the auspices of Mr Charles Harvey. It was numerously attended. The admirable band was that specially engaged for the ball and luncheon during the royal visit. The *Fra Diavolo* and *Der Freischütz* overtures were most praiseworthy interpreted, as were the less pretentious items of the programme, such as a waltz of Strauss's, Mr Harvey's own effort at dance music, "The Oakbrook," and Mr Frederic H. Archer's "Triumphal March." The vocalists were Mr Theodore Distin (baritone) and Mme Nouver, of Manchester. This was the lady's first appearance on a concert stage in Sheffield. It will assuredly not be her last. Mr W. T. Graves played a solo on the cornet, and was much applauded. Mr W. J. Phillips was the pianoforte accompanist, and Mr Harvey himself conducted the orchestra.

MUSICAL KITES IN CENTRAL ASIA.—In Central Asia the amusement of flying kites is as popular as in Europe or America; but it is made to yield a double gratification. It delights the ear by an emission of soft, melodious murmurings, at the same time that it pleases the eye with its graceful, bird-like motions. Each kite is so constructed as to produce the effect of a floating Æolian harp, and thus the flight and the song of winged warblers are both imitated in the ingenious plaything. Major Abbott gives a description of these musical kites in his *Narrative of a Journey from Herat to Khiva*. "Each kite is a square stretched upon two diagonals of light wood, whose extremities are connected by a tight string, forming the sides of the squares. Over the whole paper is pasted. A loose string upon the upright diagonal receives the string by which the kite is to be held, and a tail is fastened to its lower extremity. The transverse diagonal or cross-stick is then bent back like a strong bow, and fastened by a thread of catgut. Of course, every breeze that passes the kite vibrates this tight cord, and the vibrations are communicated to the highly sonorous frame of the kite. And, as numbers of these kites are left floating in the air all night, the effect is that of aerial music, monotonous, but full of melancholy interest. We suggest," says the Major, "to experimental youths that they equip their kites with an Æolian attachment, and test their effect on a quiet evening. The wild, wayward music of Æolus is far more enchanting than any that can be drawn from instruments played upon by human finger."

BERLIN.

(From a Correspondent.)

The season was opened at the Royal Operahouse with *Der Freischütz*, the part of Agathe being sustained by Madlle Reinmann, a new member of the company. All things considered, she got through her task creditably, but failed to produce any marked effect upon her audience.

In addition to Herr R. Wagner's *Tristan und Isolde*, which, as already announced, is to be produced during the course of the present season, Herr von Hülsen has accepted Herr Goldmark's *Königin von Saba*, which has been successful at the Imperial Operahouse Vienna, and *Das goldene Kreuz*, by Herr Ignaz Brüll. The list of older works includes Gluck's *Armide*, and Hérold's *Zampa*, with Herr Niemann as the hero of the latter. Miss Minnie Hauck is to sing the part of Aida in Verdi's opera of the same name, and Herr Paul Taglioni is to produce a grand new ballet.

Having obtained from Herr von Hülsen, in whom the acting copyright is vested, permission to play M. Gounod's *Faust*, Herr Engel, the manager of Kroll's Theatre, did not allow the grass to grow under his feet, but lost no time in profiting by the privilege accorded him. He produced the piece forthwith. It has proved a great hit. Herr Nachbaur is a good Faust, and Madlle Haesselbeck a charming Margarethe, dramatically and vocally. The chorus and orchestra, under the command of Herr Preumayr, acquit themselves well.

It is reported that, next summer, Herr Engel will not have, so to speak, an operatic company of his own. He is said to intend importing the entire company from the Theater an der Wien, Vienna, being doubtless strengthened in his resolve by the marked success recently achieved here by Medlles Gallmeyer, Geisinger, and Herr Schweighofer. There are, however, several serious obstacles to be overcome before the project can be realized. One of them is that the operas by Offenbach and Strauss which constitute the greater part of the repertory at the Theater an der Wien, can be played in Berlin at the Friedrich-Wilhelmstädtisches Theater only, and it is doubtful whether the manager of that establishment would cede his rights to Herr Engel.

No candidate has yet presented himself this year for the Meyerbeer Exhibition.

Mad. Lucca has determined to make a "starring" tour through Germany during the winter, and then to retire into private life. She has signed an agreement with Sig. Merelli, who undertakes to give her 3000 marks every time she sings. A Berlin manager is said already to have offered Sig. Merelli 4000 marks a performance for the lady's services, but Sig. Merelli stands out for 5000.

The recent little misunderstanding at Bayreuth is a general topic of conversation. A correspondent of the *Berliner Tribune* writes thus in reference to it:—

"Albert Niemann has sent back his part to Richard Wagner, and left suddenly, not to return. Wagner is greatly put out, as he has been corresponding for months with him about the undertaking, and asking his advice upon every event connected with it. Herr Niemann became involved in disputes and differences with Wagner's wife, Mad. Cosima, which were principally occasioned by that lady's peculiar behaviour toward the artists. Several journalists who have been here during the last few weeks could say something on this head if they chose. Mad. Cosima has adopted such a tone with various professional musical critics from Berlin and America, and with the representatives of important literary periodicals, as to render it imperative on them to turn their back forthwith on Bayreuth. They include the very musical critics who for years have exerted themselves to the utmost to forward Wagner's projects, and who have been most active in advocating the Bayreuth enterprise. On the other hand, among all the artists and journalists here, there is only one opinion, a most favourable one, concerning the amiable and courteous behaviour of Wagner himself. One of the feats of which Mad. Cosima may boast is that of frightening away the charming Berlin contralto, Mlle Marianne Brandt, with whom Wagner himself got up the part of Frikka, now confided to Mad. Grun, and to whom he addressed the most flattering letters concerning the admirable manner in which she realised it."

WIESBADEN.—Herr C. Gramman's new opera of *Melusine* is to be produced at the Theatre Royal on the 15th September. Herr Jahn, the conductor, lately paid a visit to the composer, in Schieritz, for the purpose of ascertaining his views with regard to several details connected with the getting up of the work.

CENTENARIES TO COME.*

Signor Giovanni Paloschi has compiled with great acumen and singular patience a *Universal Musical Annual*. This *Annual*, which will form a valuable present to the subscribers of the *Gazzetta Musicale* for 1876, contains a number of precise dates and memoranda. We may say that no musical event of any importance is omitted in it. The book will be of great use to the unlearned as well as a ready and even necessary manual for writers on musical subjects in all countries. With laudable diligence, the author has taken the greatest care in ascertaining dates, names etc., and in correcting a host of errors which the press has propagated in thousands of works enjoying a high (a too high) reputation.

We take to-day from the yet un-published *Annual* a page of "Centenaries to Come." The reader will observe that the Boieldieu Centenary, which falls on the 16th December, 1875, is not included among them because the *Annual* is not destined to see the light before 1876.

1876. 14th Jan. Pietro Francesco Cavalli, died in Venice, 1676. (Second Centenary.)
 1878. 3rd July Jean-Jacques Rousseau, died at Ermenonville, 1778.
 — 17th Nov. Johann Nepomuceno Hummel, born at Presburg, 1778.
 — Antonio Caldara, born at Venice, 1678. (Second Centenary.)
 1881. 10th Dec. Emanuel Astorga, born at Palermo, 1681. (Second Centenary.)
 1882. 20th Jan. Daniel François Esprit Auber, born at Caen, 1782.
 — 14th April. Carlo Coccia, born at Naples, 1782.
 — 22nd Nov. Conradin Kreutzer, born at Messkirch, 1782.
 1883. 25th Sept. Jean-Philippe Rameau, born at Dijon, 1683. (Second Centenary.)
 — 25th Dec. Johann Adolph Hasse, died at Venice, 1783.
 1884. 18th Feb. Nicolò Paganini, born at Genoa, 1784.
 — 15th March Francesco Durante, born at Fratta Maggiore, 1684. (Second Centenary.)
 — 5th April Ludwig Spohr, born at Brunswick, 1784.
 — 14th June Francesco Morlacchi, born at Perugia, 1784.
 — 1st July Friedemann Bach, died at Berlin, 1784.
 — 3rd Aug. Padre Giambattista Martini, died at Bologna, 1784.
 1885. 23rd Feb. Georg Friedrich Handel, born at Halle, 1685. (Second Anniversary.)
 — 21st March Johann Sebastian Bach, born at Eisenach, 1685. (Second Centenary.)
 — Domenico Scarlatti, born at Naples, 1685. (Second Centenary.)
 1886. 24th July Benedetto Marcello, born at Venice, 1686. (Second Centenary.)
 — 19th Aug. Nicolò Porpora, born at Naples, 1686. (Second Centenary.)
 — 8th Oct. Antonio Sacchini, died at Paris, 1786.
 — 18th Dec. Carl Maria von Weber, born at Eutin, 1786.
 — 20th Dec. Pietro Raimondi, born at Rome, 1786.
 1887. 22nd March Giovanni Battista Lulli, died at Paris, 1687. (Second Centenary.)
 — 15th Nov. Christoph Gluck, died at Vienna, 1787.
 — 17th Nov. Michele Carafa, born at Naples, 1787.
 1888. 14th Sept. Philipp Emanuel Bach, died at Hamburg, 1788.
 1890. 15th March Nicola Vaccaj, born at Tolentino, 1790.
 1891. 28th Jan. Louis-Ferdinand Hérold, born at Paris, 1791.
 — 21st Feb. Carl Czerny, born at Vienna, 1791.
 — 5th Sept. Giacomo Meyerbeer, born at Berlin, 1791.
 — 5th Sept. Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart, died at Vienna, 1791.
 1892. 29th Feb. Gioachini Rossini, born at Pesaro, 1792.
 1894. 2nd Feb. Giovanni Pier Luigi da Palestrina, died at Rome, 1594. (Third Centenary.)
 — 30th May Ignatz Moscheles, born at Prague, 1794.
 — 14th June Orlando Lasso, died in 1594. (Third Centenary.)
 — Leonardo Leo, born at San Vito degli Schiavi, 1694. (Second Centenary.)
 1895. 16th Aug. Heinrich Marschner, born at Zittau, 1795.
 — 31st Aug. André Philidor, died at London, 1795.
 1896. 17th Feb. Giovanni Pacini, born at Catania, 1796.
 — Ferdinando Giorgetti, born at Florence, 1796.
 1897. 31st Jan. Franz Schubert, born at Vienna, 1797.
 — 26th June Saverio Mercadante, born at Naples, 1797.
 — 29th Nov. Gaetano Donizetti, born at Bergamo, 1797.

* From the *Gazzetta Musicale di Milano*.

1897. Pasquale Anfossi, died at Rome, 1797.
 1899. 27th May Fromental Halévy, born at Paris, 1799.
 1900. 7th May Nicola Piccinni, died at Passy, near Paris, 1800.
 1901. 11th Jan. Domenico Cimarosa, died at Venice, 1801.
 — 1st Nov. Vincenzo Bellini, born at Catania, 1801.
 1902. 20th Feb. Charles de Bériot, born at Louvain, 1802.
 — 28th July Giuseppe Sarti, died at Berlin, 1802.
 1903. 24th July Adolphe Adam, born at Paris, 1803.
 — 23rd Oct. Albrecht Lortzing, born at Berlin, 1803.
 1904. 12th Jan. Hippolyte Monpou, born at Paris, 1804.
 — 2nd May Michael Glinka, born near Smolensk, 1804.
 — 19th Nov. Pietro Guglielmi, died at Rome, 1804.
 1905. 28th May Luigi Boccherini, died at Madrid, 1805.
 — 8th June Luigi Ricci, born at Naples, 1805.

A COLLEGE OF MUSIC FOR AMERICA.

We are assured by one, who has had opportunity of knowing, that the "wealthy old bachelor," a man of over eighty, is no "myth," and that, after consulting his physician (Dr Elmer) as to the best way of immortalizing his name in connection with some good work, he has verily devoted his whole fortune of some five or six millions to the foundation of a "College," with a magnificent building, for the musical education of the daughters of America. This scheme, our informant furthermore deposes, has been developed into a free fantasia by the writers in the newspapers, making the wish father to the thought, and that all the reports about calling upon Richard Wagner to become the head of the institution, as well as about Thomas and other prospective professors, are purely the invention of said writers. We trust that it is so; for the idea of placing Wagner at the head of musical education in America, with unbounded millions at his disposal, is too absurd for serious consideration. A College for the unlearning of Music were perhaps a truer title.

Taking the reports as we found them, and trying to realize to our imagination the dazzling descriptions of the proposed building in the Central Park, with Wagner throned there as the *genius loci*, we in a free and playful way, yet logical, began to develop a little of the "tale without an end" implied in that suggestive theme; it was too tempting, and we could have gone on much further; but imagination shrinks exhausted from the task. One thing, however, we omitted when we spoke of possible professorships: the department of *Morals* would of course be kept in the exclusive charge of the great head himself ("Music and Morals" doubtless in his thought are one); with this assurance need any mother in our Israel hesitate to entrust her daughter to so excellent a school?

But, Wagner or no Wagner, looking at the matter practically, here are five million dollars, more or less, to be devoted, with the best will no doubt, to musical instruction in this country; and it is indeed most creditable to the projector that he so well appreciates the vital worth of such an element of culture in our great young Republic. What is the wise way of doing it? What were the safest investment of so vast a sum for such a noble object? Is it precisely prudent to risk the whole in one vague ambitious venture? Might not more good be realized by distributing it among several more modest and more definite experiments? Here, for example, is Boston, is every city in the Union, with the exception of New York, without a permanent orchestra; a fund of a few hundred thousands for such a purpose, in each musical centre, would be an invaluable means of culture. Or, again, suppose that Harvard University, and Yale, and Cornell, and more, could have a few hundred thousands for the endowment not merely of a professorship, but of a full faculty of music, — would not this be a more practical and sure way of beginning the good work, at several points at once, each with its own distinct and compassable aim? Among a dozen such plantings there would be a reasonable chance that two or three at least would actually take root and yield increase. In two or three, if not in all, the providential man might turn up, the man with the right organizing, quickening genius for the work; and two or three successes, or one only, would be a blessing to the country and a gain for Art. Whereas, invested in a single showy institution, with parties plotting, clamouring for management — there are parties in music, and some of them mean "business" more than they mean music — the danger is not slight that the munificent endowment would be all thrown away. — *Dwight's Journal*.

BAYREUTH.

Besides the Grand-National-Festival-Stage-Play-Theatre erected—and christened—by Herr Richard Wagner, this small town, though not numbering more than 17,000 inhabitants, can boast of two other theatres. The older of the two is the Royal Operahouse, built in 1748, by the Margrave Friedrich, in the richest and most luxurious rococo style. On beholding it, the visitor might fancy himself in the once Royal Theatres of Trianon and Versailles, and almost expect to see the curtain draw up for the performance of one of the Watteau-like Pastorals in which the Grand Monarch and his Courtiers delighted. The second theatre is within the grounds of the Hermitage, about a mile and a half from the town. It is an amphitheatre hewn out of the rock, and, if tradition is to be trusted, Voltaire once acted there. As for Herr Wagner's own Theatre, it stands on a charming eminence surrounded by woods and forests, access being gained to it by about twenty minutes' walk through a deliciously shady avenue. The gas machinery and fittings were made in Frankfurt, and tried, for the first time, at the rehearsals on the 15th inst. There are more than 2,500 jets for the stage alone. The auditorium, though less brilliantly illuminated, takes, with the other parts of the house, 1,500 more. Great precautions have been adopted against fire, and immense masses of water can be thrown, at a very short notice, on all parts of the building. At some distance from the latter, a supply of steam will always be ready for scenic effects. By means of certain ingenious contrivances, the whole stage can be enveloped in vapour, which, by means of variously coloured lights can be made to imitate fogs, clouds, rainbows, and so on. It could also be employed, in case of necessity, to aid in extinguishing fire. We are not informed how this vapour will affect the singers and—the audience. No less than 6,666 metres of pipes are requisite to convey to the Theatre the gas, water, and steam, for the above objects.

A FRENCH SINGER AT THE BERLIN OPERAHOUSE.*

On Friday, June 13, 1851, I arrived in Berlin. My first visit was to Meyerbeer. He was ill, but we had a long conversation together. In the evening, I saw *Faust*, a drama I did not know. It interested me greatly by the boldness of its conception and the admirable manner in which it was performed. I shall think of this same *Faust*; perhaps a drama might be made out of it for Paris, but all the philosophical reflections would have to be omitted, and the fantastic element, as furnishing a good opportunity for display, brought prominently forward. I reside in the Hôtel de St Petersburg, Unter den Linden. A man called on me, and asked me to give him tickets for my first appearance. After talking of one thing and the other, he remarked that the Berlin public were very cold, and that it was absolutely necessary to dispel their frigidity by certain vigorous movements of the hands. I recognised in my visitor the chief of the Berlin *claque*. With us matters are not managed so discreetly. I thanked him politely for his visit, remarking that I was not acquainted with this "German custom."—21st June. A bad day. At 10 o'clock, rehearsal of *Les Huguenots*. I was really detestable; no voice in consequence of indisposition. And Meyerbeer himself was there! He introduced me to the orchestra, who greeted me with applause. After I had sung, however, the applause ceased. I felt after the rehearsal like one damned. Berlin already displeased me. I fancied that every one in the street must read my disgrace in my face. Bacher, a friend of mine, who induced me to sing in Germany, had come from Vienna to hear me. And then such a falling off! I sat the whole day at home, with death in my heart.—22nd June. My success in *Les Huguenots* was great. After the romance in the first act, the ice was broken. The public, said to be generally so cold, applauded valiantly, like paid *claqueurs*. The duet in the second act, and the septet went well. The fourth act put the crown on everything. Madlle Wagner and I were called on three times in succession; something unusual for Berlin. After the fifth act, the applause resembled a regular ovation.—Madlle Wagner is a tall slim lady, a niece of Wagner the composer, who is beginning to attract attention in Germany. In Paris, her figure would, perhaps, be considered too tall; but

* This somewhat self-complacent extract is from the *Diary* of M. Roger, the once famous tenor.

she is so nobly plastic, that she produces the greatest effects. She studied under Garcia, who greatly developed more especially her chest notes. She possesses a great deal of fire and a lively imagination; in a word, she is an artist. As I sat at her feet, she leaned over me, and her beautiful long locks almost enveloped me completely; I saw nothing more and felt like a nightingale caught in a cage made of hair.—After this success, I was myself again; I once more became the "Parisian star" worthy of the reputation by which I had been preceded. Bacher brought me on the stage a bouquet from Meyerbeer's mother.

HERR DANNREUTHER ON OPERA.

In the houses of Count Bardi and Jacopo Corsi at Florence, towards the end of the sixteenth and beginning of the seventeenth centuries, we find enthusiastic scholars and amateurs of music, tired of fruitless theorizing, engaged in practical efforts to resuscitate that which they conceived to be Greek music. An attempt at a declamatory setting of the scene of Ugolino, in Dante's *Inferno*, was made by Galileo, the father of the celebrated mathematician; he wrote it for one voice, and performed it with an accompaniment on the viola. Caccini and Viadana followed in his footsteps; but the first result of any real importance was attained by Peri, who set to music an intermezzo called *Daphne*, and made use of a style which became the progenitor of our recitative. Anno 1600, on the occasion of Marie de Medici's marriage with Henry IV. of France, "una tragedia per musica," called *Euridice*, composed by Peri and Caccini, was performed, and received with unbounded enthusiasm. It was, in fact, the first opera. It contained all the elements of the modern opera—recitatives, airs, ballet tunes in an embryonic state. The instruments representing the orchestra on that occasion were a harpsichord, a large guitar, a viol, a large lute, and several flutes; all of which were placed behind the scenes.

From the first opera to the last, there are two conflicting tendencies noticeable. On the one hand we see the high and somewhat vague aspirations of men of literary culture who wish to transform the opera into a kind of ideal drama on the Greek model; this is in the main Wagner's side, also that of Gluck and his immediate successors, and in some measure, though quite unconsciously, also the side of Mozart, Beethoven, and Weber. On the other hand there is the frivolous leaning in the direction of vulgar theatrical amusement, wherein all imaginable artistic luxuries, music, dancing, acting, painting, costumes, fireworks, and what not, are muddled together, so as to produce a few hours of intoxicating diversion. This is the side represented by Rossini, Meyerbeer, Verdi, Offenbach, and so on, down the scale of operatic celebrities.

Oh! the merry days of childhood,
When the heart was free from care;
When we wandered through the wildwood
And all around was fair;

For the sun itself shone brighter
Than we ever see it now,
Perchance our hearts were lighter
And less care oppressed the brow.

For worldly cares are evil tares
Which choke the better seed,
Take root in the soil, but only to spoil
The harvest with bitter weed.

Beware! beware! 'tis constant care
Alone can the evil stay;
Keep watch and ward, the closest guard,
O'er the mind by night and day.

Let every thought, with mischief fraught,
Be banished from the heart;
That nought remain to cause us pain
When soul and body part.

Be it our prayer, that God's own care
Preserve us still from sin;
And ripen fast, until the last,
The seed He sows within.

J. R. R.

NAPLES.—A buffo opera, *Mamma Angot di Constantinopoli*, by Sig. Mugnone, has proved a failure.

THE UNIVERSITY COLLEGE OF WALES:
PUBLIC MEETING.

A public meeting was held, a short time since, in the Town Hall, Aberaeron, for the purpose of laying before that part of the county the claims of the University College of Wales. There was a good attendance. The chair was taken by Mr Brinley Richards, who said it was generally considered to be a great mistake when a person was asked to preside over a meeting to begin with an apology, but he was bound to do so on this occasion because he had been given very brief notice that he was to be asked to preside. It had been so brief that he was not prepared to make any remarks, but he was sure his shortcomings would be amply redeemed by the gentlemen who supported him, who would be prepared to make statements concerning the nature of the institution on behalf of which the meeting was called. They were assembled that afternoon to lay before the inhabitants of that town the claims which the University College of Wales had upon their consideration as an institution which was intended to supply a real and existing want in the Principality, and one that ought to appeal to the hearts of all Welshmen.

After a spirited speech from Mr Hugh Owen, the Rev. J. Griffiths addressed the meeting at some considerable length. In conclusion he moved the following resolution: "That this meeting, after hearing the statement of Mr Hugh Owen, rejoices in the success of the University College of Wales as a means of advancing the cause of high class education on a national and unsectarian basis."

The resolution was seconded by the Rev. W. Evans. After several other speeches in favour of the college, Mr Hugh Owen, in moving a vote of thanks to the chairman, referred to the Wrexham Eisteddfod, which he believed would be pre-eminent in the history of Eisteddfodau in Wales. Preparations were being made for it on a scale unprecedented, a sum of £2,000 had been subscribed for prizes, and there was reason to believe that Royalty would be present on one of the days. He also remarked that the committee of the Pwllheli Eisteddfod had determined to devote the surplus funds to the University College of Wales. The Rev. Evan Morris seconded the resolution and it was carried. The Chairman in acknowledging a vote of thanks said the majority of meetings were held to benefit certain individuals or in favour of some political scheme, but on that occasion they were assembled as Welshmen to show their earnest sympathy with one of the best proposals, one of the noblest schemes of the nineteenth century.

The proceedings then terminated.

—
WAIFFS.

A bachelor's soliloquy—Misfortunes never come single.

It is said that a regular series of concerts will be given next winter at the Alexandra Palace.

The children in Florida, U. S. say that they live on sweet potatoes in the summer, and on strangers in the winter.

M. Ernest Reyer, musical critic of the *Débat*, has just had the misfortune to lose his mother, who has died at Marseilles.

They stopped at the restaurant for dinner. They were newly engaged undoubtedly, for he blew on the mustard to cool it for her.

The well-known band of the Belgian Regiment of Guides, under the direction of M. Staps, has just made a most successful tour through Holland.

MM. Aimé Dollfus and Edouard Drumont, the authors of *Je déjeune à midi*, have just offered a new one-act piece to the Gymnase, entitled *Dans le bleu*, which is accepted.

The Royal Orphéon Society of Brussels, conducted by M. Ed Bauwens, was to take part in the vocal competition to be held at Limoges (France) to-morrow, the 29th inst.

Mdme Nilsson passed through Paris on her way to Mont Doré (Puy-de-Dôme) from the Isle of Wight, where she had the honour of being received by the Princess of Wales at Osborne.

"Where," says a Yankee editor, "is that elderly scamp who has howled for sixty-three years for an old-fashioned winter? Where is the old reptile that we can get at him? How we should like to run him through a plaining-mill worked by ice-water, and cut him open with a snow plough, and fill him full of snowballs, and sew him up with an icicle, and strap him to the North Pole until the spring rains released him—the awful wretch!"

This is the time of the year when mothers and daughters endeavour to give the breakfast table chat a watering-place tint, while paterfamilias eats hastily and departs promptly to his business.

Herr Josef Gung'l arrived in London, via Hamburgh, on Wednesday, to fulfil an engagement at the Promenade Concerts, Covent Garden. He will appear for the first time this evening.

"Mayor Tewksbury is a brick," observes the *Boston Post*. Whereupon the *Chicago Tribune* adds: "Our Mayor is not quite that, but he's a pretty hard man, nevertheless."

A work supposed to be by Sir Joshua Reynolds has been discovered in Chicago. It is a portrait of Mrs Sherman's great-grandfather, and was painted by Sir Joshua, if at all, in the prime of his powers.

The principal artists of the operatic company which, under the conductorship of Sir Julius Benedict, will go round the Provinces this autumn, are Mesdames Albani, Thalberg, Ghiotti, MM. Naudin, Pavan, and Maurel.

How soon some women change their minds respecting their husbands! Mrs Spinn was for ever telling her husband that he wasn't worth the salt in his bread, but, when he got killed in a railway collision, she sued the company for a thousand pounds.

M. Duquesnel, of the Odéon, has engaged two of the pupils of the Conservatoire who attracted much attention at the last competitions—Mlle Chartier, who obtained the second prize in comedy, and Mlle Kolb, who was also much applauded.

Mr John Boosey's Ballad Concerts will commence, at St James's Hall, on Jan. 5th. Among the artists engaged will be Mesdames Lemmens-Sherrington, Patey, Misses Wynne, Julia Elton, Messrs Sims Reeves, Edward Lloyd, and Foli.

The Stanislas Academy, Nantes, has conferred the title of Corresponding Associate on M. Oscar Comettant, Member of the Congress of Americanists, for his work entitled: *La Musique en Amérique avant la Découverte par Christophe Colomb*.

Old Baron Rothschild gave a louis to a charity-fund, and the person receiving it said, "Ah, Monsieur le Baron, you gave only a louis, and your son gave five!" "And reasonably enough," said the Baron; "his father is a millionaire, and I am only a poor orphan."

The management of the French Vaudeville Theatre has been resumed by the former director. The sharing company of artists realised an important sum, valued at 60,000 francs, after paying all expenses and salaries, during the two months for which its direction lasted.

Artists have been invited to compete for the execution of two statues representing the Tragic Muse and the Comic Muse, for the façade of the new Théâtre des Célestins, Lyons. The sketch will have to be sent to the Prefecture of the Rhone by the 15th of November.

The Academy states that the Marquis of Lorne has in the press a narrative poem of about 3,000 lines, called "Guido and Lita: A Tale of the Riviera," founded on an incident in one of the many Saracen inroads which troubled the coast of Provence during the 10th century. This volume will be published, in the autumn, by Macmillan.

In future, visitors to the Parisian Theatres will no longer have to run the gauntlet of the promiscuous crowd of seedy individuals offering either to sell or purchase tickets. Henceforth, before indulging in this occupation, everyone must have a permission from the Prefecture of Police, and this permission will be accorded only very sparingly.

The artists retained for the approaching Musical Festival at Norwich are—Mlle Emma Albani, Mlle Mathilde Enequist, Mdme Lemmens-Sherrington, Mlle Anna de Belocca, Miss Enriquez, and Mdme Patey; Mr Edward Lloyd, Mr Henry Guy, Mr Minna, Mr Wadmore, and Signor Foli; M. Sinton (violin) and Mr T. Harper (trumpet). Sir J. Benedict wields the *bâton*.

ALEXANDRA PALACE.—On Monday next there will be a trotting match on the new track. On Tuesday, the great Fête in aid of the City and Metropolitan Police Orphanage will be held, when the attractions will be varied and numerous, including a concert, conducted by Mr H. Weist Hill, in which Miss Banks, Miss Emily Mott, Mr Wilford Morgan, and other popular vocalists, will take part. The Moore and Burgess Minstrels will repeat their new programme; Mr George Conquest will give one of his clever performances; the Jackley Troupe will contribute with their graceful gymnastic exercises; Captain Dight will make another balloon ascent; and the bands of fourteen divisions of the Metropolitan Police will play in the grounds during the day. On Thursday, in the theatre, Mr J. Clark and Miss Furtado will appear in *The Bonnie Fishwife* and in the sketch of *Sairey Gamp*, from Dickens's *Martin Chuzzlewit*. On the last three days of the week there will be a great International Fruit Show, when prizes to the amount of upwards of £600 will be awarded. On Saturday, *Our Boys* will be repeated; and, in the evening, the Venetian Fête and Illumination of the Lake, which gave so much satisfaction on Thursday, the 19th inst., will be given, with improved effects.

An "able seaman" from Ardnamurchan was at the tiller of his sloop one night, shortly after the introduction of coloured signal lights on ships. A steamer was approaching, and Archy saw the green and red lights for the first time at sea. He astonished his shipmates by yelling out, "Hard-a-port! hard-a-port! we're gaun richt intae the 'pothecary's shop at Gourock!"

It is stated that some valuable autographs of Galileo have been found at Milan among the State archives. These autographs are not included in the Palatine collection, but refer to his negotiations with the Spanish Government relative to ceding the application of his method for applying longitude to navigation. The letters also relate to Galileo's journey to Rome in 1624 to pay homage to Pope Urban VIII.

Boston babies are weaned early and fed on fish, says the *Brooklyn Argus*. They accumulate much phosphorus. A chronicler, mentioning the circumstance of a group of Boston children going upstairs to bed in the dark, says that their heads appeared to be surrounded by an atmosphere of luminiferous ether, and that they reminded him of a procession of straggling meteors.

The *Choir* states that the successful candidate for the first election to the Sir John Goss Exhibition, to be held for three years in the Royal Academy of Music, is A. Ernest Ford, formerly a chorister in Salisbury Cathedral. Willie Hodge was highly commended; as were, also, R. W. Wilkinson, formerly a chorister in St James's Chapel Royal, C. J. Dunster, and F. Broad.

Mr Lyster was to open on the 28th June, in Sydney, New South Wales, with an *opera bouffe* company. The list of works to be produced included *La Fille de Madame Angot*, *Giroflé-Girofla*, and operas by Offenbach and Hervé.—The new Prince of Wales' Theatre is progressing very rapidly, and there is every likelihood that the lessee, Mr Lazer, will be able to re-open it in November.

It was a graceful compliment that "Papa" Haydn paid to a great female vocalist. Reynolds had painted her as Cecilia listening to celestial music. Looking at the picture, Haydn said, "It is like her, but there is a strange mistake." "What is it?" asked Reynolds. "Why, you have painted her listening to the angels, when you ought to have represented the angels listening to her."

The Blondinette Minstrels are about to make a tour of the provinces, commencing at Ipswich. Among the names of the performers is that of a young artist well known as a concert singer, Miss Florence Ashton, who recently made a most successful operatic *début*, while with Miss Susanna Cole's company, as *Mlle Lange*, in a drawing-room version of *Leococq's Fille de Mme Angot*.

The *Musical Standard* hears that the late Mr R. L. Pearsall has left several madrigals, part-songs, &c., hitherto unpublished, and only recently accessible, and that these have been purchased from the executors by Mr Trimmell, of Clifton, who intends issuing them in a cheap form. Amongst the part-songs highly mentioned are "Brave Lord Willoughby," and "Gaudeamus igitur."

In his *Ariadne Florentina*, just published, Mr Ruskin gives an interesting description of three pieces of Florentine needlework, which attracted his attention in the bedroom in which he slept at the King's Arm's Hotel, Lancaster. Mr Ruskin, while staying at this "good old inn," was engaged in revising a lecture on "Design in the Florentine Schools of Engraving," and he thus seizes the opportunity of illustrating his subject:—"On the walls of the little room where I finally revise this lecture hangs an old silken sampler of great grandame's work; representing the domestic life of Abraham; chiefly the stories of Isaac and Ishmael, Sarah at her tent-door, watching, with folded arms, the dismissal of Hagar; above, in a wilderness full of fruit trees, birds, and butterflies, little Ishmael lying at the root of a tree, and the spent bottle under another; Hagar in prayer, and the angel appearing to her out of a wreathed line of gloomily undulating clouds, which, with a dark-rayed sun in the midst, surmount the entire composition in two arches, out of which descend shafts of (I suppose) beneficent rain; leaving, however, room, in the corner opposite to Ishmael's angel, for Isaac's, who stays Abraham in the sacrifice; the ram in the thicket, the squirrel in the plum-tree above him, and the grapes, pears, apples, roses, and daisies of the foreground, being all wrought with involution of such ingenious needlework as may well rank, in the patience, the natural skill, and the innocent pleasure of it, with the truest works of Florentine engraving. Nay, the actual tradition of many of the forms of ancient art is in many places evident—as, for instance, in the spiral summits of the flames of the wood on the altar, which are like a group of first-springing fern. On the wall opposite is a smaller composition, representing Justice with her balance and sword, standing between the sun and moon, with a background of pinks, borage, and corncockle; a third is only a cluster of tulips and iris, with two Byzantine peacocks; but the spirits of Penelope and Ariadne reign vivid in all the work—and the richness of pleasurable fancy is as great still, in these silken labours, as in the marble arches and golden roof of the cathedral of Monreale."

M. Caillot, the barytone of the Théâtre-Lyrique and the Athénée, is dead. For two years previous to his decease he suffered from a bronchial affection, and had completely lost his voice. He was a pupil of M. Bataille, and considered a young singer of considerable promise.

With a view to the better protection of copyright in dramatic works, a declaration has been signed by Lord Derby and the Marquis d'Harcourt cancelling the paragraph in the convention of 1851, by which it was understood that the protection stipulated for by the Convention was not intended to prohibit fair imitations or adaptations of dramatic works to the stage in England and France respectively, but were only meant to prevent piratical translation.

The Orpheonic Festival to be given to-morrow, the 29th inst., in the gardens of the Tuilleries, for the benefit of the sufferers by the inundations, will be one of the most curious exhibitions of popular musical art ever known. A principal feature in the programme will be the execution, by all the associations combined into one, and numbering some 3000 singers, of the "Hymne à la Charité," dedicated by permission to the Maréchal MacMahon. The music is by M. Léon Gastinel, and the words are by M. T. Saint-Félix. The Railway Companies will run special cheap trains.

France is determined not to be behind other nations in erecting statues to her great men. The bronze image of Chateaubriand, which will be raised at St Malo on the 5th of next month, amid great literary pomp, is finished. It represents the author of the *Génie du Christianisme* sitting in meditation on a rock, with the waves at his feet. As a politician, Chateaubriand was a chamelion. He was the friend of Béranger, as well as of *Mme Récamier*. Under the First Empire he was the proprietor of a paper called *Le Mercure*. His *Mémoires d'Outre-Tombe*, which appeared under the Monarchy of July, were bought by M. de Girardin for £4,000, a handsome sum in those days.

SHANKLIN (Isle of Wight).—On the 20th inst., Dr Sloman gave an organ recital at St Saviour's, on the beautiful organ lately erected by Messrs Walker. The programme was selected from the works of ancient and modern writers for that instrument. It also included a selection from Dr Sloman's new cantata, *Supplication and Praise*.

BRESCIA.—Sig. Verdi's *Aida* has been very successful here.

PERTH.—A new opera by Carl Huber will be the first novelty at the National Theatre. The libretto is founded upon an adventure in the life of King Mathias Corvinus.

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70 Regina Coeli (from Holy Saturday till Trinity Eve)	Soli & Chor. Webbe	74 Tantum ergo	Chorus Webbe

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